# THE REHEARSAL,

As it is now Acted at the

# Theatre-Royal.

By *GEORGE* late DUKE of *BUCKINGHAM.*

The Seventh Edition,
With some Explanatory Notes.

*LONDON,*
Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Dolphin* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*; and Sold by *A. Bettesworth*, at the *Red-Lion* on *London-Bridge*; and *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's Head*, in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-street*. 1701.

# PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this short Mock-Play of ours,
A Posie made of Weeds instead of Flowers;
Yet such have been presented to your Noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.
Would some of 'em were here, to see, this night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight.
Here brisk insipid Rogues, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull Sence; but oft'ner none at all:
There, strutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd Train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyses vein.
For (changing Rules, of late, as if Men writ
In spite of Reason, Nature, Art and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now Critiques, do your worst, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I shall assume the State
Of those high-flyers, whom I imitate:
And justly too, for I will teach you more
Than ever they would let you know before;
I will not only shew the feats they do,
But give you all their reasons for 'em too.
Some honour may to me from hence arise,
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,
And what you once so prais'd, shall now dispise;
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poetick rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your Stage.

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## *The Actors Names.*

B*ayes.*
*Johnson.*
*Smith.*
Two Kings of *Brentford.*
Prince *Pretty-man.*
Prince *Volscius.*
Gentleman-Usher.
Physician.
*Drawcansir.*
General.
Lieutenant-General.
*Cordelio.*
*Tom Thimble.*
Fisher-man.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Souldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals. } Mutes.
Mayor. } Mutes.
Judges. } Mutes.
Serjants at Arms. } Mutes.

Women.

*Amarillis.*
*Cloris.*
*Parthenope.*
*Pallas.*
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth.
Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene, *Brentford.*

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THE

# THE REHEARSAL.

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Johnson *and* Smith.

*Johns.* HOnest *Frank*! I'm glad to see thee with all my heart. How long hast thou been in Town?

*Smi.* Faith, not above an hour: And, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the strange new things we have heard in the Country.

*Johns.* And by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things, we are tir'd out with here.

*Smi.* Dull, and fantastick! that's an excellent Composition. Pray, what are our Men of Business doing?

*Johns.* I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knowest my humour lies another way. I love to please my self as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: And therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reason, and insensible of Wit and Pleasure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought Men of Business.

*Smi.* Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of Men.

*Johns.* I, and of Birds, and Beasts too: Your gravest Bird is an Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Ass.

*Smi.* Well, but how dost thou pass thy time?

*Johns.* Why, as I use to do: Eat and Drink as well as I can, have a she-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a Play: Where there are such things (*Frank*) such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply my self to the solid Nonsence of your Men of Business, as the more Ingenious Pastime.

*Smi.* I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country-wits commend 'em.

*Johns.* I, so do some of our City-wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

*Smi.* New kind! what kind is that?

*Johns.* Why, your Virtuosi, your civil persons, your Drolls: Fellows that scorn to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

*Smi.*

*Smi.* Elevate, and Surprize! pr'ythee make me understand the meaning of that.

*Johns.* Nay, by my troth; that's a hard matter: I don't understand that my self. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see: 'Tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Sense.

*Mr.* Bayes *passes over the Stage.*

*Bayes.* Your most obsequious, and most observant very Servant, Sir.

*Johns.* God so, this is an Author? I'll fetch him to you.

*Smi.* No, p'rythee let him alone.

*Johns.* Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is, I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now for my sake, will you do a favour to this Friend of mine?

*Bayes.* Sir, it is not within my small Capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; especially from a person that does wear the Honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this.--Sweet Sir, your servant.

*Smi.* Your humble Servant, Sir.

*Johns.* But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

*Bayes.* I Sir: What is't?

*Johns.* Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

*Bayes.* How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot?

*Johns.* I, I; any thing.

*Bayes.* Faith Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my Head; but I have a new one, in my Pocket, that I may say is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'Tis all new Wit; and though I say it, a better than my last: And you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall Read, and Write, and Act, and Plot, and Shew, Ay, and Pit, Box, and Gallery, I Gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This Morning is its last Rehearsal, in their Habits, and all that, as it is to be Acted; and if you, and your Friend will do it but the Honour to see it in its Virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be asham'd to discover its Nakedness unto you—I think it is in this Pocket. [*Puts his Hand in his Pocket.*

*Johns.* Sir, I confess, I am not able to Answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my Friend will do so too.

*Smi.* Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your Company.

*Bayes.* Yes, here it is: No, Cry you mercy: This is my Book of *Drama Common Places*; the Mother of many other Plays.

*Johns.* *Drama Common Places*! Pray what's that?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we Men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

*Smi.* How, Sir, helps for Wit?

*Bayes.* I Sir, that's my position. And I do here averr, That no Man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it were by the help of these my Rules.

*Johns.*

*Johns.* What are those Rules, I pray?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion, or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into Verse, *alternative* as you please.

*Smi.* Well; but how is this done by Rule, Sir?

*Bayes*, Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easie when understood: I take a Book in my Hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit int, as there is no Book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) and if it be Verse, put it into Prose.

*Johns.* Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transprosing.

*Bayes.* By my my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

*Smi.* Well, and what d'ye do with it then?

*Bayes.* Make it my own. 'Tis so chang'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Recoil, by way of Table-book. Pray observe.

*Johns.* We hear you Sir: go on.

*Bayes.* As thus, I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that, too, my own.

*Johns.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

*Bayes.* No Sir; the World's unmindful: They never take notice of these things.

*Smi.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

*Bayes.* Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have hear in my Pocket.

*Smi.* What Rule can that be, I wonder!

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my Head about it, as other Men do; but presently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perseus*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca*'s *Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch*'s *Lives*, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

*Johns.* Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as sure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

*Bayes*, Sirs, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

*Smi.* We'll follow you, Sir: [*Exeunt.*

*Enter three Players upon the Stage.*

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without Book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the *Stage* is to keep the Auditors in suspence; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sence, tires them before the end of the first Act: now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in matter. And then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dances we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and those are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us Money, 'tis no great matter.

*Enter* Bayes, Johnson *and* Smith.

*Bayes.* Come, come in Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr.--a-- Ha'you your part ready;

1 *Play.* Yes *Sir.*

*Bayes.* But do you understand the true humor of it?

1 *Play.* I Sir, pretty well.

*Bayes.* And *Amarillis*, how does she do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play.* O, admirably!

*Bayes.* I'll tell you, now a pretty Conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

*Smi.* What, I pray?

*Bayes.* Why I make 'em call her *Amarillis*, because of her Armor:- Ha, ha, ha.

*Johns.* That will be very well indeed.

*Bayes.* Ay, 'tis a pretty little Rogue; I knew her Face would set off Armor extremely; and, to tell you true, I write that part only for her. You must know she is my Mistress.

*Johns.* Then I know another thing, little *Bayes*, that thou hast had her, I Gad.

*Bayes.* No, I Gad, not yet? but I'm sure I shall: For I have talk'd baudy to her already.

*Johns.* Hast thou, faith? Pr'ythee how was that?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, there is, in the *French* Tongue, a certain Criticism, which, by the variation of the Masculine Adjective instead of the Fœminine, makes a quite different signification of the word: as for Example, *Ma vie* is my life; but if, before *vie* you put *Mon* instead of *Ma*, you make it baudy.

*Johns.* Very true.

*Bayes.* Now, Sir, I, having observed this, set a Trap for her, the other day in the Tyring Room; for this, said I, *Adieu bel Esperansa de mavie*; (which I gad is very pretty) to which she answer'd, I vow, almost as prettily every jot, for, said she. *Songes a mavie Monsieur*; whereupon I presently snapp'd this upon her; *Non, non, Madam*-- *Songes vous a mon*, by Gad, and nam'd the the thing directly to her.

*Smi.* This is one of the richest Stories, Mr. *Bayes*, that ever I heard of.

*Bayes*, I, let me alone, I gad, when I get to 'em; I'l nick 'em, I warrant you: But I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another Woman, in the City.

*Smi.* How kept? for what?

*Bayes.* Why, for a *Beau Gerson*: I am, ifackins.

*Smi.* Nay, then we shall never have done.

*Bayes.* And the Rogue is so fond of me, Mr. *Johnson*, that I vow to gad, I know not to do with my self.

*Johns.* Do with thy self! no; I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold out, at this rate.

*Bayes.* O Devil, I can toil like a Horse; only sometimes, it makes me melancholy: and then I vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing if it were to save my life.

*Smi.* That we do verily believe, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* And that's the only thing I gad, which mads me, in my Ammours; for I'l tell you, as a friend, Mr. *Johnson*, my acquaintances, I hear, begin to give it out that I am dull: now I am the furthest from it in the whole World, I gad; but only, forsooth they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

*Johns.* Phoo, pox. That's ill natur'dly done of 'em.

*Bayes.* Ay, gad, there's no trusting o'these Rogues; but —— a —— Come, let's sit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which you know, are the things in Nature that makes up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose two Kings of the same place: as for example, at *Brentford*, for I love to write familiarly. Now the People having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir aud interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: the Kings differing sometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my self well understood.)

*Johns.* I did not observe you, Sir: pray say that again.

*Bayes.* Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'l never understand my notion of the thing) the People being embarrast by their equal ties to both, and the Soveraigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a —— you understand me —— upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that —— In fine, you'l apprehend it better when you see it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*

*Smi.* I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any sence out of this.

*Enter* Bayes.

*Bayes.* Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for

 either:

either: [that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue:] (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

*Smi.* Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

*Bayes.* And I would fain ask your Judgments, now, which of them would do best for the Prologue? For, you must know there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, insinuation, good language, and all that, to —— a —— in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesie of the Auditors: The other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, A gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell'm plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, I gad, I'l e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping——a ——

*Smi.* I, But suppose they don't.

*Bayes.* Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir; nor am not at all mortified at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose quoth a!---- ha, ha, ha. [*walks away.*

*Johns.* Phoo! pr'ythee, *Bayes*, dont't mind what he says: he is a felow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the relish, here, of the Town.

*Bayes.* If I writ, Sir, to please the Country, I should have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for some Persons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

*Johns.* I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

*Bayes.* I'm sure the design's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'm all, in nature, to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have Printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and, withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your suppose? ha, ha, ha.

*Johns.* Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

*Bayes* I think so, Sir: and therefore would choose this to be the Prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to clap, before they see the Play, you know it would be so much the better: because then they were engag'd: for let a man write never so well, there are, now-a days, a sort of persons, they call Critipues, that, I gad, have no more wit in them than so many Hobby Horses; but they'l laugh at you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things, that, I gad, I'm sure, they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and

and think to build their fame, by calumniation of persons, that I Gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the World are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as —— a —— In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

*Johns.* Nay, you have said enough of 'em, in all conscience: I'm sure more than they'll e're be able to answer.

*Bayes.* Why, I'l tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *Bona fide*; were it not for the sake of some Ingenious persons, and choice Female Spirits, that have a value for me I would see 'em all Hang'd, I Gad, see 'em all Hang'd, before I would e'er more set Pen to Paper; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

*Johns.* I Marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: And if I were in your place, now, I would do so.

*Bayes.* No, Sir; there are certain tyes upon me, that I canuot be disingag'd from; otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my Hang-man?

*Smi.* By my Troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

*Bayes.* But how do you like it Sir? (for, I see, you can judge) Would you have it for a Prologue, or the Epilogue.

*Johns.* Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

*Bayes.* No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

*Johns.* What other, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

*Johns.* That's greater, I'd rather stick to that.

*Bayes.* Do you think so? I'l tell you then; tho' there have been many Witty Prologues Written of late, yet, I think, you'l say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue; and as, in my first, you see, I strive to oblige the Auditors by Civility, by good Nature, good Language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I choose for the persons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the conceipt?

*Johns.* Phoo, Pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare to affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

*Bayes.* I have made, too, one of the most delicate dainty *Simile*'s in the whole World, I Gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

*Smi.* Let's hear it, I Pray you.

*Bayes.* 'Tis an allusion to Love.

So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chestnut-Groves,
And there Consummate their unfinish'd Loves:
Pensive in Mud they wallow all alone,
And Snore and Gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

*Johns.* Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: And very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a Storm.

*Bayes.* I Gad, and so it does, now I think on't, Mr. *Johnson*, I thank you; and I'll put it in *profecto*. Come out, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

*Enter* Thunder *and* Lightning.

*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder.*

*Bayes.* Mr. *Cartwright,* pr'ythee speak that a little louder, and with a Hoarse Voice. I'm the bold *Thunder* ! Pshaw ! speak it me in a Voice that Thnnders it out indeed : I am the bold *Thunder.*

*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder.*

*Light.* The brisk *Lightning*, I.

*Bayes.* Nay, you must be quick and nimble.

The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

*Thun.* I am the bravest *Hector* of the Sky.

*Light.* And I, fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die.

*Thun.* I strike Men down.

*Light.* I Fire the Town.

*Thun.* Let the Criticks take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble.

*Light.* Let the Ladies allow us their Graces,
Or I'll blast all the paint on their Faces,
And dry up their Petre to Soot.

*Thun.* Let the Criticks look to't.

*Light.* Let the Ladies look to't.

*Thun.* For *Thunder* will do't.

*Light.* For *Lightning* will shoot.

*Thun.* I'll give you dash for dash.

*Light.* I'll give you flash for flash.
Gallants I'll singe your Feather.

*Thun.* I'll *Thunder* you together.

*Both.* Look to't, look to't ; we'll do't, we'll do't : Look to't, we'll do't.
[*Twice or thrice repeated.*
[*Exeunt ambo.*

*Bayes.* There's no more. 'Tis but a flash of a Prologue : A Droll.

*Smi.* Yes, 'Tis short indeed ; but very terrible.

*Bayes.* Ay, when the *simile's* in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad. Come, come begin the Play.

*Enter first Player.*

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet ; but he'll be here presently, he's but two doors off.

*Bayes.* Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a Pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

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## ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, Johnson *and* Smith.

*Bayes.* NOW, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this Play with a Whisper.

*Smi.*

*Smi.* Umph! very new, indeed.

*Bayes.* Come, take your your seats. Begin, Sirs.

*Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.*

*Phys.* Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

*Ush.* And, by your Gait and Fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the Healths of both our Noble Kings, under the notion of Physician.

*Phys.* You hit my Function right.

*Ush.* And, you mine.

*Phys.* Then let's embrace.

*Ush.* Come.

*Phys.* Come.

*Johns.* Pray, Sir, who are those so very civil persons?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physician of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

*Johns.* But, pray then, how comes it to pass, that they know one another no better?

*Bayes.* Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Plot.

*Johns.* Very well.

*Phys.* Sir, to conclude.

*Smi.* What, before he begins?

*Bayes.* No Sir; you must know, they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

*Smi.* Where? In the Tyring-room?

*Bayes.* Why, ay Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

*Phys.* Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Tallents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatning Storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful Showers of Blessings on the People.

*Bayes.* Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

*Johns.* Yes; that grasping of a storm, with the Eye, is admirable.

*Phys.* But yet some Rumors great are stirring; and if *Lo enzo* should prove false, (which none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that —— [*Whispers.*

*Bayes.* Now he Whispers.

*Ush.* Alone, do you say?

*Phys.* Now; attended with the Noble —— [*Whispers.*

*Bayes.* Again.

*Ush.* Who, he in Gray?

*Phys.* Yes; and at the Head of —— [*Whispers.*

*Bayes.* Pray mark.

*Ush.* Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear,
These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't;
First, he —— [*Whispers.*

*Bayes.* Now the other Whispers.

*Ush.* Secondly, they —— [*Whispers.*

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* At it still.

*Ush.* Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they —— *Whispers.*

*Bayes.* Now they both Whisper. [*Exeunt Whispering.*

Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

*Johns.* In Troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

*Bayes.* Why? Because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

*Smi.* But what think you, Sir, of Sir *John Suckling*?

*Bayes.* By Gad, I am a better Poet than he.

*Smi.* Well, Sir, but pray why all this Whispering?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are supposed to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

*Smi.* But then, Sir, why——

*Bayes.* Sir, if you'll but respite your Curiosity till the end of the fifth Act, you'll find it a piece of Patience not ill recompenc'd.

[*Goes to the Door.*

*Johns.* How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

*Smi.* Why, I did never before this, see any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* says) so foolish, but I could give some ghess at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

*Johns.* It is all alike: Mr. *Wintershal* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou shalt not see one Scene here worth one Farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the Practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good Language, it is, as I told thee, very Fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

*Smi.* It does surprize me, I'm sure, very much.

*Johns.* I, but it won't do so long: By that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

*Smi.* Pox on't, but there's no Pleasure in him: He's too gross a Fool to be Laugh'd at.

*Enter* Bayes.

*Johns.* I'll swear, Mr. *Bayes*, you have done this Scene most admirably; tho' I must tell you, Sir, it is a very difficult matter to Pen a Whisper well.

*Bayes.* I, Gentlemen, when you come to write your selves, o'my word, you'll find it so.

*Johns.* Have a care of what you say, Mr. *Bayes*, for Mr. *Smith* there, I assure you, has Written a great many fine things already.

*Bayes.* Has he, ifackins? Why then pray, Sir, how do you do, when you write?

*Smi.* Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good Health.

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* I, but I mean, what do you do, when you Write ?

*Smi.* I take Pen, Ink and Paper, and ſit down.

*Bayes.* Now I write ſtanding; that's one thing; and then another thing is, with what do you prepare your ſelf ?

*Smi.* Prepare my ſelf ! what, the Devil, does the Fool mean ?

*Bayes.* Why, I'll tell you, now, what I do. If I am to write Familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make uſe of Stew'd Prunes only; but when I have a grand deſign in hand, I ever take Phyſick, and let Blood : For, when you would have pure ſwiftneſs of thought, and Fiery flights of Fancy, you muſt have a care of the penſive part. In fine, you muſt purge the Belly.

*Smi.* By my troth, Sir, this is a moſt admirable Receipt, for writing.

*Bayes.* Ay, 'tis my Secret; and, in good earneſt, I think one of the beſt I have.

*Smi.* In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

*Bayes.* May be, Sir ? I Gad, I'm ſure on't : *Experto crede Roberto.* But I muſt give you this caution by the way, be ſure you never take Snuff, when you write.

*Smi.* Why ſo, Sir ?

*Bayes.* Why, it ſpoil'd me once, I Gad, one of the Sparkiſheſt Plays in all *England.* But a Friend of mine, at *Greſham Colledge*, has promis'd to help me to ſome Spirit of Brains, and, I Gad, that ſhall do my buſineſs.

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## SCÆNA II.

*Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.*

*Bayes.* OH, Theſe are now the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their ſtile : 'Twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a ſhift, perhaps, to ſhew you a whole Play, writ all juſt ſo.

1 *King.* Did you obſerve their Whiſpers Brother King ?

2 *King.* I did; and heard, beſides, a grave bird ſing,
That they intend, ſweet-heart, to play us pranks.

*Bayes.* This is now, Familiar, becauſe they are both perſons of the ſame Quality.

*Smi.* 'Sdeath, this would make a Man ſpew.

1 *King.* If that deſign appears,
I'll lug them by the Ears
Ututil I make 'em Crack.

2 *King.* And ſo will I, i'fack.

1 *King.* You muſt begin, *Mon foy.*

2 *King.* Sweet Sir, *Pardonnes moy.*

*Bayes.* Mark that : I make 'em both ſpeak *French*, to ſhew their breeding.

*Johnſ.* O, 'tis extraordinary fine !

2 *King.*

2 *King.* Then, ſpite of Fate, we'll thus combined ſtand;
And like true Brothers, walk ſtill Hand in Hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*]

*Johnſ.* This is a very Majeſtick Scene indeed.

*Bayes.* Ay, 'tis a Cruſt, a laſting Cruſt for your Rogue Criticks, I Gad: I would fain ſee the proudeſt of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I Gad: if they do, this ſhall rub their gums for 'em, I promiſe you. It was I, you muſt know, that have Written a whole Play juſt in this very ſame ſtile; it was never Acted yet.

*Johnſ.* How ſo?

*Bayes.* I Gad, I can hardly tell you, for Laughing (ha, ha, ha) it is ſo pleaſant a ſtory: Ha, ha, ha.

*Smi.* What is't?

*Bayes.* I Gad, the Players refus'd to Act it, Ha, ha, ha.

*Smi.* That's impoſſible.

*Bayes.* I Gad they did it, Sir, point-blank refus'd it, I Gad, ha, ha, ha.

*Johnſ.* Fie, that was Rude.

*Bayes.* Rude! Ay, I Gad, they are the rudeſt, uncivileſt perſons, and all that, in the whole World, I Gad: I Gad, there's no living with 'em: I have written, Mr. *Johnſon*, I do verily believe, a whole Cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to Gad, theſe inſolent Raſcals have turned 'em all back upon my hands again.

*Johnſ.* Strange Fellows indeed!

*Smi.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came theſe two Kings to know of this whiſper? for, as I remember, they were not preſent at it.

*Bayes.* No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine, for the two Kings ſhould (a Pox take 'em) have popp'd both their heads in at the door, juſt as the other went off.

*Smi.* That, indeed, would ha' done it.

*Bayes.* Done it! Ay, I Gad, theſe fellows are able to ſpoil the beſt things in *Chriſtendom*. I'll tell you Mr. *Johnſon*, I vow to Gad, I have been ſo highly diſoblig'd by the peremptorineſs of theſe fellows, that I'm reſolved hereafter, to bend my thoughts wholly for the ſervice of the *Nurſery*, and mump your proud Players, I Gad. So: now Prince *Pretty-man* comes in, and falls a-ſleep, making love to his Miſtreſs, which, you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honeſt Gentelman: a Knight.

## SCÆNA III.

**Prince in Marriage Al'amode.*

* *Enter Prince* Pretty-man.

*Pret.* HOW ſtrange a Captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuſe my Love, or blame my Fate?
My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:
And, againſt Fate, what Mortal dares repine?

*Enter* Cloris.

But here ſhe comes.
Sure 'tis ſome blazing Comet! Is it not?

[*Lies down.*

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Blazing Comet! Mark that, I Gad, very fine!

*Pret.* But I am so surpriz'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*sleeps.*

*Bayes.* Does not that, now, surprize you, to fall asleep in the nick? His Spirits exhale with the heat of his Passion, and all that, and swop falls a-sleep, as you see. Now, here, she must make a *smile*.

*Smi.* Where's the necessity of that, Mr. *Bayes?*

*Bayes.* Because she's surpriz'd: That's a general Rule; you must ever make a *smile*, when you are surpriz'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

*Cloris.* As some tall Pine, which we on *Ætna*, find
T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous Wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would consume his Root and Sap away;
He spreads his woorsted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching Sun, and dry my tears. [*Exit.*

*Johns.* Mr. *Bayes*, methinks, this *smile* wants a little application too.

*Bayes.* No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that; which, you know, are the natural effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid, this Scene has made you sad; for, I must confess, when I writ it, I wept my self.

*Smi.* No, truly, Sir, my Spirits are almost exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

**Prince* Pretty-man *starts up, and says*——

*Pret.* It is resolv'd. [*Exit.*

*Bayes.* That's all.

* *Prince in Marriage Al'amode.*

*Smi.* Mr. *Bayes*, may one be so bold as to ask you a Question, now, and you not be angry?

*Bayes.* O Lord, Sir, you may ask me any thing; what you please, I vow to Gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you say that, Sir.

*Smi.* Then pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has resolv'd in his sleep?

*Bayes.* Why, I must confess, that question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* secret, till the very last Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, (do you mark me) ——a ——

*Smi.* Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

*Bayes.* I do so, that's the very plain troth on't; ha, ha, ha; I do, I Gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of business: pray observe it; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Discourse I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

## SCÆNA. IV.

*Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.*

*Ush.* COme, Sir; let's state the matter of Fact, and lay our heads together.

*Phys.* Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand, and then I fegue it away, i'faith.

*Bayes.* I do just so, I Gad, always.

*Ush.* The grand Question is, Whether they heard us whisper? Which I divide thus

*Phys.* Yes, it must be divided so indeed.

*Smi.* That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr. *Bayes*, to be of another man's opinion, before he knows what it is.

*Bayes.* Nay, I bring in none, here, but well-bred persons, I assure you.

*Ush.* I divided the Question into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

*Johns.* Most admirably divided, I swear!

*Ush.* As to the when; you say, just now: So that is answer'd. Then, as for what; why, what answers it self: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last Question, *Videlicet*, Whether they heard or no?

*Smi.* This is a very wise Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* Ay, you have it right: they are both Politicians.

*Ush.* Pray then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that Question.

*Phys.* No you'll answer better, pray let me ask it you.

*Ush.* Your Will must be a Law.

*Phys.* Come then, what is't I must ask?

*Smi.* This Politician, I perceive, Mr. *Bayes*, has somewhat a short memory.

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, you must know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his Pupil.

*Ush.* You must ask me whether they heard us whisper.

*Phys.* Well, I do so.

*Ush.* Say it then.

*Smi.* Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

*Johns.* This is mighty methodical!

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir; that's the way: 'tis the way of Art; there is no other way, I Gad, in business.

*Phys.* Did they hear us whisper?

*Ush.* Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word Whisper: to whisper, in Latin is *Susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; no, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper: but then comes in the *Qu modo*, the how; How did they hear us whisper? Why, as to that, there are two ways; the one, by chance or accidnt.

the other, on purpose; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

*Phys.* Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em Physick more.

*Ush.* Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em

*Bayes.* Pray mark this: for a great deal depends upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

*Smi.* I suppose, that's the reason why you brought in this Scene, Mr. *Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Partly, it was, Sir; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the World a pattern, here, how men should talk of business.

*Johns.* You have done it exceeding well indeed.

*Bayes.* Yes, I think, this will do.

*Phys.* Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and no body else will take us.

*Smi.* Not for Politicians, I dare answer for it.

*Phys.* Let's then no more our selves in vain bemoan:
We are not safe until we them unthrone.

*Ush.* 'Tis right:
And, since occasion now seeems debonair,
I'll seize on this, and you shall take that Chair.

[*They draw their Swords, and sit down in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.*

*Bayes.* There's now an odd surprzie; the whole State's turn'd quite topsie-turvy, without any puther or stir in the whole World, I Gad.

*Johns.* A very silent change of a Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

*Bayes.* It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Usurpers march out flourishing their Swords.*

*Enter* Shirley.

*Shir.* Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say. [*Exit.*

*Johns.* Mr *Bayes*, in my opinion, now, that Gentleman might have said a little more, upon this occasion.

*Bayes.* No, Sir, not at all; for I under writ his part, on purpose to set off the rest.

*Johns.* Cry you mercy, Sir.

*Smi.* But pray, Sir, how came they depose the Kings so easily?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now; and, to tell you true, that's one reason I made 'em whisper so at first.

*Smi.* O very well: now I'm fully satisfi'd.

*Bayes.* And then to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

*Smi.* O, ho: so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done?

*Bayes.* Ay.

*Smi.* O, I conceive you: that, I swear, is very natural.

## SCÆNA V.

*To Ridicule the Dance of the fat Spirits in the Tempest, and the Angels Dance in H. 8th when it was first Play'd.

*Enter four Men at one door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.*

1 *Soldier.* STand. Who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A Friend.

1 *Sol.* What Friend?

2 *Sol.* A Friend to the House.

2 *Sol.* Fall on. [*They all kill one another. Musick strikes.*

*Bayes.* Hold, hold, [*To the Musick. It ceaseth.*

Now here's an odd surprize: All these Dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, Dead Men? Remember your note in *Effaut flat*: Play on. *To the Musick.*

Now, now, now. [*The Musick play his Note, and the dead Men rise; but cannot get in order.*

O Lord! O Lord!

Out, out, out! Did ever Men spoil a good thing so? no Figure, no Ear, no Time, no Thing? Udzookers, you Dance worse than the Angels in *Harry* the Eight, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempest*, I Gad.

1 *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

*Bayes.* O Lord, O Lord! impossible? Why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sate up two whole Nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the business: For, if you observe, there are two several Designs in this Tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now. Here I am Dead. [*Lies down flat on his Face.*

Now mark my Note *Effaut flat*. Strike up Musick.

Now, [*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*

Ah, Gadzookers, I have broke my Nose.

*Johns.* By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut*.

*Bayes.* A Plague of this damn'd Stage, with your Nails, and your Tenter-hooks, that a Gentleman cannot come to teach to Act, but he must break his Nose, and his Face, and the Devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown Paper?

*Smi.* No indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

*Bayes.* Go, go then; I follow you. Pray Dance out the Dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you Dance like Horse-men.

*Smi.* Like Horse-men! what, a plague, can that be? [*Exit. Bayes.*

*They Dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.*

1 *Sol.* A Devil! let's try this no longer: play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with so. [*Dance and exeunt.*

*Smi.* What can this Fool be doing all this while about his Nose?

*Johns.* Pr'ythee let's go see.

ACTUS

## ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Bayes *with a Paper on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.*

*Bayes.* NOW, Sirs, this I do, because my Fancy, in this Play, is, to end every Act with a Dance.

*Smi.* Faith, that Fancy is very good, but I should hardly have broke my Nose for it, tho.

*Johns.* That Fancy, I suppose, is new too.

*Bayes.* Sir, all my Fancies are so. I tread upon no Man's heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a Scene of sheer Wit, without any mixture in the whole World, I Gad, between Prince Pretty-man and his Taylor: It might properly enough be call'd a prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'others upon him, slap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, dash with a new conceit; and so eternally, eternally, I Gad, till they go quite off the Stage. [*Goes to call the Players.*

*Smi.* What, a plague, does this Fop mean by his snip snap, hit for hit, and dash?

*Johns.* Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's Life: What dost talk of meaning for?

*Enter* Bayes.

*Bayes.* Why don't you come in?

*Enter Prince* Pretty-man *and* Tom Thimble.

This Scene will make you die with Laughing, if it be well Acted, for 'tis as full of Drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an Orange stuff'd with Cloves, as for conceit.

*Pret.* But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one Man; And one Woman cannot be satisfied with nine Men: What work art thou cutting out here for thy self, trow?

*Bayes.* Good.

*Thim.* Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want Journey-men enough to help me, I warrant you.

*Bayes.* Good again.

*Pret.* I am afraid thy Journey-men, tho', *Tom*, won't work by the day, but by the night.

*Bayes.* Good still.

*Thimb.* However if my Wife sits but Cross-legg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: Not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your Coronation-suit.

*Bayes.* Very good, I'faith.

*Pret.* Why, the times then liv'd upon trust; it was the fashion. You would

would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: A Taylor, you know, must never be out of Fashion.

*Bayes.* Right.

*Thim.* I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloaths in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

*Bayes.* There's a bob for the Court.

*Pret.* Why, *Tom*, thou art a sharp Rogue when thou art angry, I see: thou pay'st me now, methinks.

*Bayes.* There's pay upon pay! as good as ever was written, I gad!

*Thim.* I, Sir, in your one coin: you give me nothing but words.

*Bayes.* Admirable before gad!

*Pret.* Well, *Tom*, I hope shortly I shall have another coyn for thee; for now the Wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of metal.

*Bayes.* O, you did not do that half enough.

*Johns.* Methinks he does it admirably.

*Bayes.* I, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.

*Thim.* That's the way to be stamp'd your self, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an Angel for the Kings Evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [*Exeunt.*

*Bayes.* Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? Is not this pure Wit?

*Smi.* 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose, for the Play does not go on.

*Bayes.* Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

*Smi.* Yes, but the Plot stands still.

*Bayes.* Plot stands still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

*Smi.* O, I did not know that before.

*Bayes.* No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Master of. Now Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us soar but never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never understand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellency of these things.

*Johns.* 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess: but you write on still, for all that?

*Bayes.* Write on? I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I, what they say? What, are they gone, without singing my last new Song? 'Sbud, would it were in their bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johns*, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to gad, this Song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written: you must know, it was made by *Tom Thimble*'s first wife after she was dead.

*Smi.* How, Sir, after she was dead?

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

*Johns.*

*Johns.* Say? Why nothing: he were a Devil that had any thing to say to that.

*Bayes.* Right.

*Smi.* How did she come to die, pray, Sir.

*Bayes.* Phoo! that's no matter; by a fall: but here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was kill'd by an accident, he supposes, with a Sigh, that she dy'd for love of him.

*Johns.* I, I, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes.*

*Bayes.* 'Tis to the Tune of, Farewell, fair *Armida*, on Seas, and in Battels, in Bullets, and all that.

*SONG.*

In Swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis safer to be,
Than in a strong Castle, remoted from thee:
My deaths bruise pray think you gave me, tho' a fall
Did give it me more, from the top of a wall;
For then if the Moat on her Mud would first lay,
And after before you my body convey:
The blue on my breast when you happen to see,
You'll say, with a Sigh, there's a true blue for me.

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast has hops, I gad; for, you must know, I am as pleasant a Debauchee, as ever you saw: I am I faith.

*Smi.* But Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this Song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

*Bayes.* Alack, Sir, you know nothing; you must, ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghosts, and Dances, if you mean to —— a ——

*Johns.* Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes.*

*Bayes.* I gad, and you have nick'd it. Hark you, Mr. *Johns.* you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

*Johns.* O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

*Bayes.* Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnson*, I faith this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the Judgment you make of this Play; for that's the measure I go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; Is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him, if not, your most humble Servant, Sir; I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, I gad. Now here we go on to our business.

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## SCÆNA. II.

* *Enter the two Usurpers, hand in hand.*

*Ush.* BUt what become of *Volscius* the great?
His presence has not grac'd our Courts of late.

*Phys.* I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,

* *The two Kings in Granada.*

Has

Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.

*Bayes.* Is not that Majestcal?

*Smi.* Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?

*Bayes.* Why, that's a Prince I make in Love with *Parthenope*.

*Smi.* I thank you, Sir.

*Enter* Cordelio.

*Cor.* My Lieges, news from *Volscius* the Prince.

*Ush.* His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

*Smi.* How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad.

*Bayes.* Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godzookers, you'll spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

*Smi.* Cry you mercy, Sir.

*Cor.* His Highness, Sirs, Commanded me to tell you,
That the fair person whom you both do know,
Despairing of forgiveness for her fault,
In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt
Upon her precious life; but by the care
Of standers by prevented was.

*Smi.* 'Sheart, what stuff's here?

*Cor.* At last,
*Volscius* the Great this dire resolve embrac'd:
His servants he into the Countrey sent,
And he himself to *Peccadille* went,
Where he's inform'd, by Letters that she's dead.

*Ush.* Dead! is that possible? Dead!

*Phys.* O ye Gods!

*Bayes.* There's a smart expression of a passion; O ye Gods! That's one of my bold strokes, I gad.

*Smi.* Yes; but who is the fair person that's dead?

*Bayes.* That you shall know anon, Sir.

*Smi.* Nay; if we know at all, 'tis well enough.

*Bayes.* Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that she's not dead neither.

*Smi.* Marry, that's good news indeed: I am glad of that with all my Heart.

*Bayes.* Now here's the Man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her. [*a great shout within.*

SCÆNA

## SCÆNA III.

*Enter* Amarillis *with a Book in her hand, and Attendants.*

*Ama.* WHat shout triumphant's that?

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Sol.* Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twick'nam*-Town, the false Assassinate is tane.

*Ama.* Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance, I hope
It's slow beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

*Bayes.* Pish, there you are out; to all future end? No, no; to all future End: you must lay the accent upon End, or else you lose the conceit.

*Smi.* I see you are very perfect in these matters.

*Bayes.* I, Sir; I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

*Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fisher-man.*

*Ama.* Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the noblest Soul of humane kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

*Fish.* Prince *Pretty-man.*

*Ama.* To kill whom?

*Fish.* Prince *Pretty-man.*

*Ama.* What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill Prince *Pretty-man?*

*Fish.* No; Prince *Volscius.*

*Ama.* To kill whom?

*Fish.* Prince *Volscius.*

*Ama.* What, did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill Prince *Volscius?*

*Fish.* No; Prince *Pretty-man.*

*Ama.* So, drag him hence,
Till torture of the Rack produce his Sense. [ *Exeunt.*

*Bayes.* Mark how I make the horrour of his guilt confound his intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: and that's the design of this Scene.

*Smi.* I see, Sir, you have a several design for every Scene.

*Bayes.* I, that's my way of Writing; and so, Sir, I can dispatch you a whole Play, before another man, I gad, can make an end of his Plot.

## SCÆNA IV.

SO now enter Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man?* why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

*Enter* Pretty-man.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir, now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad, Mr.——a——I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

*Pret.* What, Sir?

*Bayes.* What, Sir! 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in choler,

rouſe upon the Stage, juſt as the other went off. Muſt a man be eternally telling you of theſe things?

*Johnſ.* Sure this muſt be ſome very notable matter that he's ſo angry at.

*Smi.* I am not of your opinion.

*Bayes.* Piſh! come, let's here your part, Sir.

*Pret.* Bring in my Father; why d'ye keep him from me?
Altho a Fiſherman, he is my Father:
Was ever Son, yet brought to this diſtreſs,
To be, for being a Son, made Fatherleſs?
Ah, you juſt Gods, rob me not of a Father:
The being of a Son take from me rather. [*Exit.*

*Smi.* Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

*Johnſ.* A Devil this is worſt of all. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what's the meaning of this Scene?

*Bayes.* O, cry you mercy, Sir: I proteſt I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fiſher-man.

*Smi.* How, Sir, taken Priſoner?

*Bayes.* Taken Priſoner! O Lord, what a queſtion's there! did ever any man ask ſuch a queſtion? Goodzookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd queſtion. What was I going to ſay?

*Johnſ.* Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

*Bayes.* Stay, let me ſee; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to ſay, his Highneſs here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fiſher-man; and brought up as his Child.

*Smi.* Indeed.

*Baye.* Nay, pr'y thee hold thy peace. And ſo, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-ſide, the Fiſher-man, upon ſuſpicion, was ſeiz'd, and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

*Smi.* So, ſo; now 'tis very plain.

*Johnſ.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this ſome diſparagement to a Prince, to paſs for a Fiſher-mans Son? Have a care of that I pray.

*Bayes.* No, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I ſhall fetch him off again, preſently, you ſhall ſee.

*Enter* Pretty-man *and* Thimble.

*Pret.* By all the Gods, I'll ſet the World on Fire,
Rather then let 'em raviſh hence my Sire.

*Thimb.* Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

*Bayes.* Lo you now; there he's off again.

*Johnſ.* Admirably done i'faith.

*Bayes.* Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

*Pret.* What Oracle this darkneſs can evince?
Sometimes a Fiſhers Son, ſometimes a Prince.
It is a ſecret, great as is the World;
In which, I, like the Soul, am toſs'd and hurl'd.

The

The blackeſt Ink of Fate, ſure, was my Lot,
And, when ſhe writ my Name, ſhe made a blot. [*Exit.*

*Bayes.* There's a bluſtering Verſe for you now.

*Smi.* Yes, Sir; but why is he ſo mightily troubled to find he is not a Fiſher-mans, ſon?

*Bayes.* Phoo! that is not becauſe he has a mind to be his, ſon but for fear he ſhould be thought to be no bodies ſon at all.

*Smi.* Nay, that would trouble a man, indeed.

*Bayes.* So, let me ſee.

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## SCÆNA V.

*Enter Prince* Volſcius, *going out of Town.* [*Reads.*

*Smi.* I Thought he had been gone to *Peccadille.*

*Bayes.* Yes he gave it out ſo; but that was only to cover his deſign.

*Johnſ.* What deſign?

*Bayes.* Why, to head the Army, that lies concealed for him in *Knights-bridge.*

*Johnſ.* I ſee here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Yes, now it begins to break; but we ſhall have a World of more buſineſs anon.

*Enter Prince* Volſcius, Cloris, Amarillis, *and* Harry *with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.*

*Ama.* Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country ſolitude.

*Clo.* We hop'd this Summer that we ſhould at leaſt
Have held the Honour of your Company.

*Bayes.* Held the honour of your Company! prettily expreſt, Held the honour of your Company! Godzookers, theſe fellows will never take notice of any thing.

*Johnſ.* I aſſure you, Sir, I admire it extreamly: I don't know what he does.

*Bayes.* I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

*Ama.* Pray let us two this ſingle boon obtain,
That you will here, with poor us, ſtill remain.
Before your Horſes come, pronounce our fate,
For then, alas! I fear, 'twill be too late.

*Bayes.* Sad!

*Volſ.* *Harry,* my Boots; for I'll go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

*Smi.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes,* is not this a little difficult, that you were ſaying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge?*

*Bayes.* In *Knights-bridge?* ſtay.

*Johnſ.* No, not if the Inn-keepers be his Friends.

*Bayes.* His Friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or elſe, in-

deed, I grant it could not be.

*Smi.* Yes, faith, so it might be very easy.

*Bayes.* Nay if I do not make all things easy, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he's going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contrived to stop him, presently.

*Smi.* By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

*Enter* Parthenope.

*Volf.* Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!
Too soon I thought my self secure from Love.
Fair, Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does so gently rob me of my Fame?
For I should meet the Army out of Town,
And, if I fail, must hazard my Renown.

*Par.* My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town walls,
And me, her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

*Bayes.* Now, that's the *Parthenope*, I told you of.

*Johnf.* I, I: I gad you are very right.

*Volf.* Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud?
Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

*Bayes.* The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A Gadzookers, what a Conceit is there!

*Par.* Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Volf.* O inauspicious Stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

*Ama.* } How! Prince *Volscius* in love? Ha, ha, ha.
*Clor* } [*Exeunt laughing.*

*Smi.* Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

*Bayes.* Why; did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots, falls in love with her, Ha, ha, ha.

*Smi.* Well, and where lies the jest of that?

*Bayes.* Ha! [*Turns to* Johnf.

*Johnf.* Why; In the Boots: where should the jest lie?

*Bayes.* I gad, you are in the right: it does [*Turns to* Smith. Lie in the Boots—Your Friend, and I know where a good jest lies, tho' you don't Sir.

*Smi.* Much good do't you, Sir.

*Bayes.* Here, now, Mr. *Johnson*; you shall see a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volscius *sits down to pull on his Boots:* Bayes *stands by, and over-acts the Part as he speaks it.*

*Volf.* How has my passion made me *Cupid*'s scoff?
This hasty Boot is on, the other off,
And sullen lies, with amorous design

To

To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.

*Smi* Pr'y thee mark what pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to Act this Speech himself!

*Johns.* Yes, the Fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

*Vols.* My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
Sometimes with stubborn Honour, like this Boot,
My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't:
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
Disarmed, like this other Leg does prove.
Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay:
Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on;
But softer Love does whisper, put on none.
What shall I do? What conduct shall I find.
To lead me through this twi-light of my mind?
For as bright Day with black approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzling light?
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Goes out hopping with one Boot on, and the other off.*

*Johns.* By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

*Bayes.* Ay, is't not now, I Gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the World, I Gad.

*Johns.* Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, that hip hop, in this place as you say, does a very great deal.

*Bayes.* O all in all, Sir; they are these little things that mar, or set you off a Play: as I remember once, in a Play of mine, I set off a Scene, I Gad, beyond expectation, only with a Petticoat, and the Belly-ake.

*Smi.* Pray, how was that, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why. Sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in upon a Chaire, (no body knew how) into a Prince's Chamber, whose Father was not to see it, that came in by chance.

*Johns.* God's my life, that was a notable Contrivance indeed.

*Smi*, I but, Mr. *Bayes*, How could you contrive the Belly-ake?

*Bayes.* The easiest i'th' World, I Gad: I'll tell you how, I made the Prince sit down upon the Petticoat, no more than so, and pretended to his Father that he had just then got the Belly-ake: whereupon, his Father went out to call a Physician, and his man run away with the Petticoat.

*Smi.* Well, and what follow'd upon that?

*Bayes.* Nothing, no Earthly thing, I Vow to Gad.

*Johns.* O' my Word, Mr. *Bayes*, there you hit it.

*Bayes.* Yes I gave a World of Content, And then I paid 'em away besides; for it made 'em all talk baudy; ha, ha, ha, Beastly, downright

right Baudry upon the Stage, I Gad; ha, ha, ha; but with an infinite deal of wit, that I must say,

*Johns.* That, I, that, we know well enough, can never fail you.

*Bayes.* No, I Gad, can't it. Come; bring in the Dance.

[*Exit to call them.*

*Smi.* Now, the Devil take thee for a silly, confident, unnatural, fulsome Rogue.

*Enter* Bayes *and* Players.

*Bayes.* Pray Dance well before these Gentlemen: You are commonly so lazie; but you should be the light and easie, tah, tah, tah.

[*All the while they Dance,* Bayes *puts 'em out with teaching 'em.*

Well, Gentlemen, you'll see this Dance, if I am not deceived, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

*Smi.* I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

*Smi.* By my troth, I think so, Sir.

*Bays.* Not for the things themselves; for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I Gad, these Players are such dull Persons, that, if a Man be not by 'em upon every point, and at every turn, I Gad, they'll mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

*Enter a Player.*

What? Is the Funeral ready?

*Play.* Yes, Sir.

*Bayes.* And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

*Play.* Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

*Bays.* Stay then, I'll do it my self.

*Smi.* Come, let's go with him.

*Bays.* A match. But, Mr. *Johnson,* I Gad, I am not like other persons, they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for 'em; now, I Gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every circumstance, to every particular, I Gad; I am no more able to endure it, I am not my self, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the strangest person in the whole World: For what care I for money? I write for Reputation. [*Exeunt*

*Finis Actus Tertii.*

ACTUS

# ACTUS IV. SCÆNA. I

Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen*

*Bayes.* GEntlemen, becauſe I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the laſt Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

*Smi.* And is that all your reaſon for it, Mr. *Bayes?*

*Bayes.* No, Sir, I have a Precedent for it beſides. A perſon of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral juſt ſo: And he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any man in *England*, I Gad.

*Johnſ.* Nay, if that be ſo, you are ſafe.

*Bayes.* I Gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for in my heroick Playes, I make no difference as to thoſe matters) but for another contrivance.

*Smi.* What is that, I pray?

*Bayes.* Why, I have deſign'd a Conqueſt, that cannot poſſibly, I Gad, be acted in leſs than a whole week: And I'll ſpeak a bold Word, it ſhall Drum, Trumpet, Shout, and Battle, I Gad, with any the moſt warlike Tragedy we have, either ancient, or modern.

*Johnſ.* I, marry, Sir, there you ſay ſomething.

*Smi.* And, pray Sir, how have you order'd this ſame frolick of yours?

*Bayes.* Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For Example: They divided their things into three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, or as many Tomes as they pleaſe: Now, I would very fain know what ſhould hinder me, from doing the ſame with my things, if I pleaſe?

*Johnſ.* Nay, if you ſhould not be Maſter of your own Works, 'tis very hard.

*Bayes.* That is my ſence. And then, Sir, this contrivance of mine has ſomething of the reaſon of a Play in it too; for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play, what do I, but make five Playes to one Plot by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

*Johnſ.* Moſt admirably good, i'faith! and muſt certainly take becauſe it is not tedious.

*Bayes.* I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a cloſe of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Munday*) I make you, Sir, a ſixth Play, that ſums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they ſhould have forgot it.

*Johnſ.* That conſideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed, I think will be very neceſſary.

*Smi.* And when comes in your ſhare, pray, Sir?

*Bayes.* The Third Week.

*Johnſ.* I'll vow you'll get a world of Money.

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Why 'faith, a man must live: and if you don't, thus, pitch u'pon some new device, I gad, you'll never do't; for this Age (take it o$_a$ my word) is somewhat hard to please. But there's one pretty odd p ssage in the last of these Plays, which may be executed two several ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

*Johns.* What is't, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, I make a Male Person to be in Love with a Female.

*Smi.* Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

*Bayes.* Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear. He having passionately lov'd her through my Five whole Playes, finding at last, that she consents to his Love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a Passion as he lov'd her, she kills her self. Now my Question is, which of these two Persons should suffer upon this occasion?

*Johns.* By my troth, it is a very hard Case to decide.

*Bayes.* The hardest in the World, I gad, and has puzled this Pate very much. What say you, Mr. *Smith*?

*Smi.* Why truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might stand with your Justice now, I would spare 'em both.

*Bayes.* I gad, and I think—ha—why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing her self. Ay, it shall be so: Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

*Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.*

Lay it down there; no, no, here, Sir. So now speak.

*K. Ush.* Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief
Receive, from it's embraces, some relief.

*K. Phys.* Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And, in Life's stead, to leave us nought but Death?
The World discovers now its emptiness,
And, by her loss demonstrates we have less.

*Bayes.* Is not this good Language now? Is not that elevate? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

*Smi.* With her: with whom?

*Bayes.* Why, this is *Lardella*'s Funeral.

*Smi.* *Lardella*! I, who is she?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, the Sister of *Drawcansir*. A Lady that was drown'd at Sea, and had a Wave for her Winding-sheet.

*K. Ush.* *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above,
Behold the Tragick issues of our Love,
Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the Main.

*Bayes.* Look you now, you see I told you true.

*Smi.* I, Sir and I thank you for it, very kindly.

*Bayes.* Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience, honest M——a—you will not have patience.

*Johns.*

*Johns.* Pray Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcansir*?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Mistress, snubbs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to Numbers, good Manners, or Justice.

*Johns.* A very pretty Character.

*Smi.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great Humanity and Justice.

*Bayes.* Yes, they have been so; but for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral Virtues put together, I gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the Paper?

[*To the Players.*

*K. Phys.* O, cry you mercy. [*Goes to take the Paper.*

*Bayes.* Pish! Nay you are such a Fumbler. Come I'll read it my self.

[*Takes a Paper from off the Coffin.*

Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my Spectacles. This, now, is a Copy of Verses, which I make *Lardella* compose, just as she is dying, with design to have it pinn'd upon her Coffin, and so read by one of the Usurpers, who is her Cousin.

*Smi.* A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* And what do you think now, I fancy her to make Love like, here, in the paper?

*Smi.* Like a Woman: what should she make Love like?

*Bayes.* O' my word you are out tho, Sir; I gad you are.

*Smi.* What then? like a Man?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; like a humble-Bee.

*Smi.* I confess, that I should not have fancy'd.

*Bayes.* It may be so, Sir, but it is, tho, in order, to the opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the Transmigration of the Soul.

*Smi.* Very fine.

*Bayes.* I'll read the Title. *To my dear Couz. King* Phys.

*Smi.* That's a little too familiar with a King, tho, Sir, by your favour, for a Humble-Bee.

*Bayes.* Mr. *Smith*, in other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better: it has been longer my Practice; it has, indeed, Sir.

*Smi.* Your Servant, Sir.

*Bayes.* Pray mark it.

Since Death my earthly part will thus remove, [*Reads.*
I'll come a humble-Bee to your chaste love.
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams, buz.
And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;
For sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

*Smi.* (*After a pause*) Admirable!

*Bayes.* At night, into your bosom I will creep,

And buz but softly if you chance to sleep:
Yet in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

*Johns.* By my troth that's a very great Promise.

*Smi.* Yes, and a most extroardinary comfort to boot.

*Bayes.* Your Bed of Love from dangers I will free;
But most from Love of any future Bee.
And when with pity your heart-strings shall crack,
With empty Arms I'll bear you on my back.

*Smi.* A pick a-pack, a pick-a pack.

*Bayes.* Ay, I Gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? Is it not *tuant*? Here's the end.

Then at your birth of Immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,
And teach you your first fluttering in the Sky.

*Johns.* O rare! This is the most natural, refin'd fancy that ever I heard, I'll swear.

*Bayes.* Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good enough way of making Love: For being divested of her Terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come, draw your Swords.

*K Phys.* Come Sword, come sheath thy self within this Breast,
Which only in *Lardella*'s Tomb can Rest.

*K. Ush.* Come, Dagger come, and penetrate his Heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella*'s Love depart.

*Enter* Pallas.

*Pal.* Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallas*'s commands:
For the supposed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
*Lardella* Lives, I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could die.
Such Cœlestial Constancy
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be:
And from these Funeral Obsequies
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discovered*

*Bayes.* So, take away the Coffin. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair person which *Volscius* sent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you see, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

*Smi.* Well, but where is the Banquet?

*Bayes.* Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a Dance, for joy that *Lardella* is not dead. Pray, Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at least.

*Smi.* That, indeed, I had forgot: I ask your pardon.

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* O, d'ye so, Sir? I am glad you will confess your self once in an Error, Mr. *Smith.*

*Dance.*

*K. Ush.* Resplendant *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And since to thee *Lardella*'s life we owe,
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow.
*K. Phys.* Well, since alive *Lardella*'s found,
Let, in full Bowls, her Health go round.
[*The two Usurpers take each of them a Bowl in their Hands.*
*K. Ush.* But where's the Wine?
*Pal.* That shall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the purest Wine of *France*: } *Fills the Bowls out of*
And, to appease your hunger, I } *her Lance.*
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:
Lastly, to bear a part with these.
Behold a Buckler made of Cheese. [*Vanish* Pallas.
*Bayes.* There's the Banquet. Are you satisfy'd now, Sir?
*Johns.* By my troth, now, that is new, and more then I expected.
*Bays.* Yes, I knew this would please you: For the chief Art in Poetry, is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

*Enter* Drawcansir.

*K. Phys.* What Man is this, that dares disturb our Feast?
*Draw.* He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.
*Johns.* That is, Mr. *Bays*, as much as to say, that tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.
*Bayes.* Right; that's the conceit on't.
*Johns.* 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.
*Bayes.* Now there are some Criticks that have advis'd me to put out the second *Dare*, and Print *Must* in the place on't; but, I gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.
*Johns.* Whoo! a thousand times.
*Bayes.* Go on then.
*K. Ush.* Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know,
How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go?
*Bayes.* Is not that now like a well-bred person, I gad? So modest, so gent!
*Smi.* O. very like.
*Draw.* You shall not know how long I here will stay;
But you shall know I'll take your Bowls away.
} *Snatches the Bowls out of the King's hands, and drinks 'em off.*
*Smi.* But, Mr. *Bays*, is that (too) modest and gent?

*Bayes.* No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

*K. Ush.* Tho', Brother, this grum stranger be a Clown,
He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down.

*Draw.* Who e're to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll stare away his very pow'r to drink.

*The two Kings sneak off the Stage with their Attendants.*

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big, and stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare. [*Exit.*

*Smi.* I suppose, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you spoke of.

*Bayes.* Yes, but this is nothing: You shall see him in the last Act, win above a dozen Battles, one after another, I gad, as fast as they can possible come upon the Stage.

*Johns.* That will be a sight worth the seeing, indeed.

*Smi.* Bnt pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

*Bayes.* Phoo! that is to raise the Character of *Drawcansir*.

*Johns.* O' my word, that was well thought on.

*Bayes.* Now, Sirs, I'll shew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroic Scene.

*Smi.* And pray, Sir, what's your design in this Scene?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my design is gilded Truncheons, forc'd conceit, smooth Verse, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene do not take, I Gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.—a— nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage,

*Smi.* Why fill the Stage?

*Bayes*, O, Sir, because your Heroick Verse never sounds well, but when the Stage is full.

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## SCÆNA II.

*Enter Prince* Pretty-man, *and Prince* Volscius.

NAy, hold, hold; pray, by your leave a little, Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out, because they are not in love with the same Woman.

*Smi.* Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. *Bayes*?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; I say not in love: there's a new conceit for you. Now speak.

*Pret.*

*Pret.* Since Fate, Prince *Volſcius*, now has found the way
For our ſo long'd for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.
*Volſ.* I gadly would that ſtory from thee learn,
But thou to love does, *Pretty-man*, incline:
Yet love in thy breaſt, is not love in mine.
*Bayes.* *Antithesis!* Thine and mine.
*Pret.* Since love it ſelf's the ſame, why ſhould it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?
*Bayes.* Reaſoning! I gad, I love reaſoning in Verſe.
*Volſ.* Love takes *Camelion*-like, a various dye
From every Plant on which it ſelf does lie.
*Bayes.* *Simile!*
*Pret.* Let not thy love the courſe of Nature Fright
Nature does moſt in Harmony delight.
*Volſ.* How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove;
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?
*Bayes.* There's a great Verſe!
*Volſ.* If Incenſe thou wilt offer at the *Shrine*
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Roſie-lips eternal ſweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames elſe look pale.
*Bayes.* I gad that is right.
*Pret.* Perhaps dull Incenſe may thy love ſuffice;
But mine muſt be ador'd with Sacrifice.
All hearts turn aſhes, which her eyes controul:
The Body they conſume as well as Soul.
*Volſ.* My love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amidſt the flames they ne'er give up the Ghoſt,
But, with her looks, revive ſtill as they roaſt.
In ſpite of pain and death, they're kept alive:
Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire ſurvive.
*Bayes*, That is as well, I gad, as I can do.
*Volſ.* Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.
*Bayes.* Civil, I gad.
*Pret.* I'll ſooner have a paſſion for a Whale:
In whoſe vaſt bulk, tho' ſtore of Oyl doth lie,
We find more ſhape, more beauty in a Fly.
*Smi.* That's uncivil, I gad.
*Bayes.* Yes; but as far a fetch'd Fancy, tho', I gad, as e're you ſaw.
*Volſ.* Soft, *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence.
Of perfect Love, defame Love's excellence.
*Parthenope* is ſure, as for above
All other Loves, as above all is Love.
*Bayes.* Ah! I gad, that ſtrikes me.

*Pret.*

Bulle, bulle, bulle, bulle, we buſtle along. [illegible] days,

*Pret.* To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.
*Bayes.* Now Mark.
*Volſ.* Were all Gods joyn'd, they could not hope to mend
My better choice: for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would themſelves, un-god themſelves to ſee.
*Bayes.* Now the Rant's a coming.
*Pret.* Durſt any of the Gods be ſo uncivil,
I'd make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.
*Bayes.* Ah, Godzookers, that's well writ!
[*Scratching his Head, his Peruke falls off.*
*Volſ.* Could'ſt thou that God from Heav'n to Earth tranſlate,
He could not fear to want a heav'nly State;
*Parthenope*, on Earth, can Heav'n create.
*Pret.* *Cloris* does Heav'n it ſelf ſo far excel,
She can tranſcend the Joys of Heav'n in Hell.

*Bayes.* There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have loſt my Peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that I never yet ſaw any one could write but my ſelf. Here's true Spirit and Flame all through, I gad. So, ſo; pray clear the Stage.

[*He puts them off the Stage.*

*Johnſ.* I wonder how the Coxcomb has got the Knack of writing ſmooth Verſe thus.

*Smi.* Why there's no need of Brain for this: 'tis but ſcanning the Labours on the Finger; but where's the ſenſe of it?

*Johnſ.* O, for that, he deſires to be excus'd: he is too proud a man to creep ſervilely after Senſe, I aſſure you. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why is this Scene all in Verſe?

*Bayes.* O, Sir, the Subject is too great for Proſe.

*Smi.* Well ſaid, i'faith; I'll give thee a Pot of Ale for that Anſwer; 'tis well worth it.

*Bayes.* Come, with all my heart.
I'll make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.
That ſingle Line, I gad, is worth all that my Brother Poets ever writ.
Let down the Curtain. [*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

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## ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, *and the Two Gentlemen.*

*Bayes.* NOW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to ſay, I'll ſhew you the greateſt Scene that ever *England* ſaw: I mean not, for Words; for thoſe I do not value; but for State, Shew, and Magnificence. In fine, I'll juſtifie it to be as grand to the Eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eighth, and grander too, I gad; for inſtead of Two

Two Bishops, I bring in here Four Cardinals.

*The Curtain is drawn up, the Two usurping Kings appear in State, with the Four Cardinals, Prince* Pretty-man, *Prince* Volscius, Amarills, Cloris, Parthenope, *&c. before them, Heralds, and Serjeants at Arms, with Maces.*

*Smi* Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the Reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, because———By Gad, I won't tell you. Your Countrey-Friend, Sir, grows so troublesome.

*K. Ush.* Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

*K. Phys.* Speak *Volscius.*

*Volsc.* Dread Sovereign Lords, my Zeal to you, must not invade my Duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* first do speak; whose high preheminence, in all things that do bear the Name of good, may justly claime that priviledge.

*Bayes.* Here it begins to unfold; you may preceive, now, that he is his Son.

*Johns.* Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholding, to you for that Discovery.

*Pret.* Royal Father, upon my knees I beg,
That the Illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

*Vols.* That Preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

*Bayes.* I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

*Ama.* Invincible Sovereigns——— [*Soft Musick.*

*K. Ush.* But stay, what Sound is this invades our Ears?

*K. Phys.* Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

*Pret.* Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far
A God-like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr:
In which, our two right Kings sit one by one,
With Virgins Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

*K. Ush.* Then, Brother *Phys*, 'tis time we should be gone.

[*The Two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.*

*Bayes.* Look you now, did not I tell you, that this would be as easie a change as the other?

*Smi.* Yes, 'faith, you did so; tho' I confess, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

[*The Two right Kings of* Brentford *descend in the Clouds, singing, in white Garments; and Three Fidlers sitting before them, in Green.*

*Bayes.* Now because the Two right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* Haste, Bother King, we are sent from above.
2 *King.* Let us move, let us move;
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentford*'s long united State.
1 *King.* Tarra, tan, tara, full East and by South.
2 *King.* We sail with Thunder in our mouth,
In scorching Noon-day, whilst the Traveller stays,
Busie, busie, busie, busie, we bustle along.

Mounted upon warm *Phæbus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly Throng,
Hasting to those
Who will feast us at night, with a Pig's Petty-Toes.

1. *King.* And we'll fall with our Pate
In an *Ollo* of hate.

2. *King.* But now Supper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Souldiers, to storm a whole half-moon-Pye.

1. *King.* They gather, they gather hot Custard in Spoons,
But alas, I must leave these Half-Moons;
And repair to my trusty Dragoons.

1. *King,* O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;
The Tide, like a Friend, has brought Ships in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play:
Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll snug in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,
We'll firk in our shell,
And farewell.

1. *King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to dance.
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France.*

*Bayes.* Is not that pretty now? the Fidlers are all in green.

*Smi.* I, but they play no Coranto.

*Johns.* No, but they play a Tune that's a great deal better.

*Bayes.* No Coranto, quoth-a! That's a good one, with all my heart. Come, sing on.

2. *King.* Now Mortals that Hear
How we Tilt and Career
With wonder will fear
The event of such things as shall never appear.

1. *King.* Stay you to fulfill what the Gods have decreed.

2. *King.* Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1. *King.* So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brentford* King
To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring,
That e're a Full-Pot of good Ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holloe.

[Bayes *fillips his finger and sings after 'em.*

*Bayes.* He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holloe. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

*Johns.* I, that would have been better.

*Bayes.* No, faith, not when you consider it: For thus it is more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

*Smi.* Thing! What thing?

*Bayes.* Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

*Smi.* Well; but, methinks the Sense of this Song is not very plain.

*Bayes.* Plain? Why did you ever hear any people in Clouds speak plain? they must be all for flight of Fancy, at its full range, without the

the least check, or controul upon it. When once you tie up Spirits and people in Clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

*Smi.* Bless me, what a Monster's this!

[*The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and step into the Throne.*

1 *King.* Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance.

*Bayes.* Right, you did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright*. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so, for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

*Smi.* Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this Rogue; there's no enduring of him.

*Johns.* No, pr'y thee make use of thy patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*

*Bayes.* This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; but since deriv'd, with a lirtle alteration, to the Inns of Court.

*An Alarm. Enter two Heraulds.*

1 *King.* What saucy Groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her.* The Army's at the door, and in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties.

2 *Her.* Having from *Knights-Bridge* hither march'd by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

*Smi.* How, Mr. *Bayes*? the Army in Disguise?

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir, for fear the Usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

*Smi.* Why, what if they had discover'd them?

*Bayes.* Why, then they had broke the Design.

1 *King.* Here, take five Guineas for those warlike Men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the Sum just Ten.

1 *Her.* We have not seen so much the Lord knows when.

[*Exeunt Heralds.*

1 *King.* Speak on, brave *Amarillis*.

*Ama.* Invincible Soverigns, blame not my Modesty,
If at this grand Conjuncture———

[*Drum beats behind the Stage.*

1 *King.* What dreadful Noise is this that comes and goes?

*Enter a Souldier with his Sword drawn.*

*Sould.* Haste hence, Great Sirs, your Royal Persons save,
For the Event of War no Mortal knows:
The Army, wrangling for the Gold you gave,
First fell to Words, and then to Handy-blows. [*Exit.*

*Bayes.* Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stanza, and a handsome cometh?

2 *King*. O dangerous estate of Sovereign pow'r!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.
1 *King*. Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay:
Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass away.

[*Exeunt.*

*Johns*. But, Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promise us, just now, to make *Amarillis* speak very well.

*Bayes*. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

*Smi*. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

*Bayes*. Ay, Sir, the Plot lay so, that I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

*Smi*. Marry, that was hard.

*Johns*. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

*Bayes*. Why, the Battel, Sir, that's just coming in at door: And I'll tell you now a strange thing, tho' I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'll give you both a whole week to guess how I'll represent this Battel.

*Smi*. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, I assure you, Sir.

*Bayes*. Whoo! there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why' pray Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battel before Ladies, to have men run their swords through one another, and all that?

*Johns*. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

*Bayes*. Right on the other side; to have a long relation of squadrons here, and squadrons there: what is it but dull prolixity?

*Johns*. Excellently reason'd by my troth!

*Bayes*. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indecorums, I sum up my whole Battel in the representation of two persons only, no more:- and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

*Smi*. Yes, Sir? but I think I should hardly swear tho' for all that.

*Bayes*. By my troth, Sir, but you would tho, when you see it: for I make 'm both come out in Armour *Cap-a-pee*, with their swords drawn and hung, with a Scarlet Ribbon at their wrists (which you know, represents fighting enough.)

*Johns*. I, I; so much, that, if I were in your place, I would make 'em go out again without ever speaking one word.

*Bayes*. No; there you are out; for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his hand.

*Smi* How, Sir? instead of a Buckler?

*Bayes*. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a Buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more Questions. I make 'em, Sir, play the Battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceit. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himself in a Warlike posture: so that you have at once your ear entertained with Musick and good Language; and your eye satisfied with the Garb and Accoutrements of War.

*Smi*.

*Smi.* I confess, Sir, you stupefie me.

*Bayes.* You shall see.

*Johns.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting? for I love thosePlayes, where they cut and slash one another upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

*Bayes.* Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you shall have my *Recitativo* first.

*Johns.* I, now you are right: there is nothing then can be objected against it.

*Bayes.* True: and so, I gad, I'll make it too, a Tragedy, in a trice.

*Enter, at several doors, the General, and Lieutenant-General, arm'd* Cap-a-pe, *with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his* Sword *drawn, and hung with a* Scarlet Ribbon *at his wrist.*

*Lieut. Gen.* Villain, thou lyest.

*Gen.* Arm, arm, *Gonsalvo*, arm; what, ho?
They lye no Flesh can brook I trow.

*Lieut. Gen.* Advance, from *Acton*, with the Musqueteers.

*Gen.* Draw down the *Chelsey* Cuirasiers.

*Lieut Gen.* The Band you boast of, *Chelsey* Cuirasiers,
Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

*Gen.* *Chiswickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight,
Joyn with the *Hammersmith* Brigade.

*Lieut. Gen.* You'l find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,
Unless by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

*Gen.* Let the left-wing of *Twick'nam* Foot advance,
And line that Eastern hedge.

*Lieut. Gen.* The Horse I rais'd in *Petty-France*,
Shall try their chance,
And scoure the Meadows, over-grown with sedge.

*Gen.* Stand: give the word.

*Lieut. Gen.* Bright sword.

*Gen.* That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.

*Lieut. Gen.* Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant Troops perceive mine ire.

*Gen.* Pursue, pursue; they fly
That first did give the lye. [*Exeunt.*

*Bayes.* This, now, is not improper, I think, because the spectators know all these Towns, and may easily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

*Johns.* Most exceeding well design'd!

*Bayes.* How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this Battel?

*Smi.* How?

*Bayes.* By an Eclipse: Which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancy that was yet never so much as thought of but by my self, and one person

more, that shall be nameless.

*Enter Lieutenant-General.*

*Lieut. Gen.* What mid-night darkness does invade the day,
And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey?
Is the Sun weary of this bloody sight,
And winks upon us with the eye of light?
'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me and the Sun, so soon.
Foolish Eclipse: thou this in vain hast done;
My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun:
But now behold Eclipses two in one. [*Exit.*

*Johns.* This is an admirable representation of a Battel, as ever I saw.

*Bayes.* I, Sir. But how would you fancy now to represent an Eclipse?

*Smi.* Why, that's to be suppos'd.

*Bayes.* Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your suppose: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well suppose the whole Play. No, it must come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I am sure is new, and, I believe to the purpose.

*Johns.* How's that?

*Bayes.* Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a Dialogue between *Phœbus* and *Aurora* in the *Slighted Maid*: which by my troth, was very pretty; but I think, you'll confess this is a little better.

*Johns.* No doubt on't, Mr. *Bayes*, A great deal better.

[Bayes *hugs* Johnson, *then turns to* Smith.

*Bayes.* Ah dear Rogue! But——a——Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is nothing else, but an interposition of the Earth between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and the Sun.

*Smi.* I have heard some such thing indeed.

*Bayes.* Well, Sir, then what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: Hum; And of necessity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun: and there you have both your Eclipses, by demonstration.

*Johns.* That must needs be very fine, truly.

*Bayes.* Yes it has Fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in't too of a Joque, I bring 'em in all singing, and make the Moon sell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipse, to the Tune of *Tom Tyler*.

*Enter* Luna.

*Luna. Orbis*, O, *Orbis*.
Come to me, thou little Rogue, *Orbis*.

*Enter.*

*Enter the Earth.*

*Orb.* Who calls *Terra firma*, pray?
*Luna.* *Luna*, that ne'er shines by day.
*Orb.* What means *Luna* in a Veil?
*Luna.* *Luna* means to shew her Tail.
*Bayes.* There's the Bargain.

*Enter* Sol, *to the Tune of* Robin Hood.

*Sol.* Fie, Sister, fie; thou mak'st me muse,
Derry, derry, down,
To see the *Orb* abuse.
*Luna.* I hope his Anger 'twill not move;
Since I shew'd it out of Love.
Hey down, derry down.
*Orb.* Where shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?
*Luna.* To morrow soon, ere it be noon,
On Mount *Vesuvio.* [*Bis.*
*Sol.* Then I will shine [*To the Tune of* Trenchmore.
*Orb.* And I will be fine.
*Luna.* And I will drink nothing but Lippary *Wine*.
*Omnes.* And We, &c.
[*As they dance the Hey*, Bayes *speak*

*Bayes.* Now the Earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun: there's the Eclipse again.

*Smi.* He's mightily taken with this I see.

*Johns.* I, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he choose?

*Bayes.* So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battel, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

*A battel is fought between Foot and great Hobby-horses. At last,* Drawcansir *comes in and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the battel is fighting,* Bayes *is telling them when to shout, and shouts with 'em.*

*Draw.* Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I, the blood of thousands daily spill;
Let petty Kings the name of Parties know.
Where e'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest Horse-men my swift rage controuls.
And from their Bodies drives their trembling Souls.
If they had wings, and, to the Gods could flie,
I would pursue and beat 'em through the Skie:
And make proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, see
This single Arm more dreadful is, than he. [*Exit.*

*Bayes.* There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your *Hectors*, and *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I defie all your Histories, and your Romances too, to shew me one such Conqueror, as this *Drawcansir*.

*Johns.*

*Johns.* I swear, I think you may.

*Smi.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, how shall all these dead Men go off? So I see none alive to help 'em.

*Bayes.* Go off! why, as they came on, upon their Legs: How should they go off? Why, do you think the people here don't know they are dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor Man: Your Friend here is very silly, Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, he is. Ha, ha, ha. Come, Sir, I'll shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha. Mr. *Ivory*, a word Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [*Exit.*

*Johns.* Will you so? Then we'll be gone.

*Smi.* I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One Battel more will take mine quite away. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Bayes *and Players.*

*Bayes.* Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone, Sir,

*Bayes.* Gone! 'Sdeath, this last Act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [*Exit.*

1. *Play.* What shall we do now he is gone away?

2. *Play.* Why, so much the better; then let's go to Dinner.

3. *Play.* Stay, here's a foul piece of his paper. Let's see what 'tis.

3. or 4. *Play.* I, I, come let's hear it.

[*Reads. The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

3. *Play. Cloris* at length, being sensible of Prince *Pretty man*'s Passion, consents to Marry him; but just as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty man* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandler's Widdow, and remembring it was she that first brought him acquainted with *Cloris*: Out of a high point of Honour, brake off his Match with *Cloris*, and Marries old *Joan*. Upon which *Cloris*, in despair, drowns her self: And Prince *Pretty-man*, discontentedly, walks by the River-side. This will never do: 'Tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone: [*Exeunt.*

*Most of the Play.* Ay; Pox on't, let's go away.

*Enter* Bayes.

*Bayes.* A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me swear to run after 'em. A couple of senseless Rascals, that had rather go to Dinner, than see this Play out, with a Pox to 'em. What comfort has a Man to write for such dull Rogues? Come Mr. ——a—— Where are you, Sir? Come away quick, quick.

*Enter Stage-keeper.*

*Stage.* Sir, they are gone to Dinner.

*Bayes.* Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

*Stage.* Why, an't please your Worship, Sir, the Players are gone to Dinner too.

*Bayes.* How! Are the Players gone to Dinner; 'tis impossible: The Players gone to Dinner! I Gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a Person that does them the Honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humourous cross grain'd persons, and all that. I Gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable Persons, and all that, in the whole World for this Trick. I Gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this Play to the other House.

*Stage.* Nay, good Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll disappoint the Company that comes to see it Acted here, this Afternoon.

*Bayes.* That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to my self, my Play and I shall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

*Stage.* But what will the Town say, Sir?

*Bayes.* The Town! Why, what care I for the Town? I Gad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily as the Players have done: But I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll Lampoon 'em all. And since they will not admit of my Playes, they shall know what a Satyrist I am. And so farewell to this Stage, I Gad, for ever. [*Exit.* Bayes.

*Enter* Players.

1 *Play.* Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play.

2 *Play.* I, I; we shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your Opinion. But, before we go, let's see *Haynes* and *Shirlay* practice the last Dance; for that may serve us another time.

2 *Play.* I'll call 'em in: I think they are but in the Tiring-room.

*The Dance.*

1 *Play.* Come, come; let's go away to Dinner.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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EPI-

# EPILOGUE.

*THe Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?*
*That Circumstance our Poet Bayes forgot.*
*And we can boast, tho' 'tis a plotting age,*
*No place is freer from it than the Stage.*
*The Ancients plotted tho' and strove to please*
*With sense that might be understood with ease;*
*They every Scene with so much Wit did store,*
*That who brought any in, went out with more:*
*But this new way of Wit does so surprise,*
*Men lose their Wits in wond'ring where it lies.*
*If it be true, that Monstrous Births presage*
*The following mischiefs that afflict the Age,*
*And sad disasters to the State proclaim,*
*Playes without head or tail, may do the same.*
*Wherefore for ours, and for the Kingdoms Peace,*
*May this prodigious way of writing cease.*
*Let's have, at least, once in our Lives, a time*
*When we may hear some Reason, not all Rhyme:*
*We have this ten Years felt it's Influence;*
*Pray let this prove a Year of Prose and Sense.*

FINIS.

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*The Gentleman-Dancing-Master*, a Comedy; Written by Mr. *Wycherly*. *Methridates*, a Tragedy; Written by Mr. *Lee*, Prose: Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Dolphin* and *Crown*, at the West end of St. *Pauls Church-Yard*: Where Gent. may pick Novils at Six Shillings *per* Dozen; and be furnished with all sorts of Playes.